VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

$1,00 Per Annum, In Advance. "Hearken to me, I also, will show mine opinion." Single Copies, Three Cents.

VOLUME I. FITCHBURG MASS., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1845. NUMBER 15.

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
By an Association of Workingmen
W. F. YOUNG, Editor.

TERMS:—1,00 Per annum if paid in advance.
1,25 after six months.
1,50 at the expiration of the year.

ADVERTISING—at the usual rates.

All communications relating to any department of the paper or office should be directed POST PAID to the "Voice of Industry," Fitchburg, Mass.

Poetry.

The Poor.

The world without is cold, dearest,
Nor heeds what we endure;
The hearts that dance in lighted halls
Care little for the poor:
Some passing thought, some transient sigh
Their well-bred pitty knows;
But tears that dim the sparkling eye
Are shed for unfelt woes.

The proud one wraps his fur, dearest,
Around his shrinking form,
While scarce the poor man's scanty garb
Can keep him from the storm;
They meet upon the common earth,
Beneath the same blue sky,
As ice to ice on polar seas,
Each human brother's eye!

By Cairo's lordly towers, dearest,
Or on the desert waste,
The Arab spreads his foot, and asks
The passer-by to taste;
But what are fires that point to Heaven,
And every formal prayer,
If hearts are dead to human love,
And self triumphant there!

Oh! many a chariot rolls, dearest,
Across the rattling stones,
Whose wheels with heavy echo tell
Some wretched creature's groans;
The poor man must be honest,
Who loses, or who wins;
No gilded veil, to cheat the crowd,
Conceals the poor man's sins.

Yet every haunts me not, dearest,
To walk the halls of pride;
The poor man's heart has many a thought
Worth all the world beside;
And oft he shares his little all,
Or (blest is the homeless one)
When down the lord of thousands lies,
No daily mercy done.

We walk in shadows he, dearest,
Not pierce through all the show,
But Heaven still flings its blue above
And spreads its green below;
And demon-forms may scowling stand,
To gibbed vice to wait,
While angel-beats encamp around
The beggar in the gate.

An! though my life is cold, dearest,
For things of clay, is fame,
There's ONE who hears the raven's cry,
To make us sure we shall not lie,
Or starve in a land of manna.
As unforgiven of earth or heaven,
Who lives for self alone!

Lay of the Laborer.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

My only claim is this;
With labor stiff and stark
By lawful turn my living to earn
Between the light and dark;
My daily bread and nightly bed,
My drop of home-brewed beer,
But all from the hand that hol is the land,
And none from the overseer!

No parish money or loaf,
No pauper badges for me;
A son of the soil, by right of toil
Entitled to my fee.
No alms I ask, give me my task;
Here are the arms, the leg,
The strength, the sinews of a man
To work, and not to beg.

Still one of ADAM'S heirs,
Though doomed by chance of birth,
To dress so mean, and eat the lean
Instead of the fat of earth;
To make such humble meals
As honest labor can,
A lone and a crust, with a grace to God,
And little thanks to man.

A spade a rake, a hoe,
A pick-axe or a dill,
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what you will,
Whatever the tool to ply,
Here is a willing drudge,
With muscle and limb—and woe to him
Who does the pay begrudge!

PROMISES FULFILLED.—As the herbs and flowers which sleep all winter in roots under the ground—when the time of spring approcheth, presently they start forth mort their beds, where they had lain so long unperceived. Thus will the promise in its season do. He *delays* who passeth the time appointed, but he only *stays* that waits for the appointed time, and then comes. Every promises is dated, but with a mysterious character; and for want of skill in God's chronology, we are prone to think that God forgets us, when indeed we forget ourselves in being so bold to set God a time of our own, and in being angry that he comes not just then to us.

SELECTED TALES.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE KENNEBEC SLOOP. AND THE ENGLISH CRUISERS.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY PROF. J. H. INGRAHAM.

The river Kennebec, in Maine, is without a rival in New England, either for its historic associations or the beauty of its natural scenery. It rises among the passes of the Highlands that form the north-east boundary line, between the United States and Canada, and after flowing through a romantic region for many leagues, enters a valley of surpassing beauty, through which it meanders between level intervales of the richest verdure. The waters of this river are remarkable for their limpid transparency, while in a body their appearance is nearly black. The hills that rise on either shore are bold and nobly wooded; and here and there frown above the silently gliding wave, dark granite precipices, clad with moss and the graceful wreath of the mountain vine whose beauty is ever-verdant. Falls and rapids, characterised by wildness and even sublimity, at intervals, break the dark rolling tide of this beautiful river, and with their roar awaken the echoes of the forest clad hills.

Numerous picturesque villages adorn its banks, and substantial farm-houses, with uplands and lowlands shining with golden grain, meet the eye at every league. The capital of the State, Augusta, stand upon a fine table or pleteau, seventy feet above the river, in the bosom of embracing hills, and commanding some of the loveliest scenery in the north. Its waters are enlivened by the canvass of thrifty commerce, and, its umbrageous streets of villas indicate a population of wealth and refined taste

Below the capital, the river laves the shore of other fair towns, rivals in property of the capital, and reflects upon its glassy bosom from either shore the mansion of luxury.—Before reaching the sea, it leaps all at once from a deep gorge, in whose rocky arms it has been for some minutes confined, and spreads out into a noble bay a league in breadth. At the southern side of this broad expanse, it enters another narrow pass between rocky inlets, and sweeping along a few more miles further, with stately motion, passing the handsome town of Bath, it rolls between wild precipices with often time fortresses, to discharge its shining waters frowning into the blue ocean.

It is in the vicinity of Bath, and of one of these fortresses at the mouth of the river, that we lay the scene of our story. If we have lingered in a scopse of the fair Kennebec, it is because our heart is with this beautiful river. [illegible] *Where the river is no more a mere inlet, but a bay, as it were, of a noble ocean, with its dark waters, its green wooded hills, its valleys and its rocky cliffs.*—In no land have we found a river of such beauty! The Hudson is majestic and grandly beautiful in its features, the Kennebec is the Hudson *in miniature*; and if the tasteful traveller will come and visit it in the spring and summer time, when the sun is bright and the winds are still, he will gaze upon its pleasant shores and beauteous windings with scarce less pleasure, without the awe, than he has felt in passing up the Hudson.

There is a fortress near the mouth of this river, just on the skirts of the sea, called Fort Hunnewell. It is now dismantled, and is a celebrated resort in July weather for the Kennebeckers. It was erected during the last war to defend the entrance to the river. It is situated upon a low beach, which, half a mile northward, is commanded by a bold headland a hundred feet in height, on which also frown the ruins of the battery. The scenery around is made up of rocky islands, bold headlands, the river penetrating far inland, the ocean spreading its bosom away south and eastwardly, ever and forever heaving as if it were earth's great heart! A few fishermen's huts dot the sides of the shores, and the tower of Seguin light glitters white upon the head of its porpoise-shaped island. The fisher's skiff rocks lightly on the sea, and upon the hazy horizon rests a sail or two, so distant that they seem fixed like shining pinnacles of white marble lifting their tops above the ocean.

At the period of our story, which was near the close of the last war, two British armed vessels had been cruising off the mouth of the river for some days, occasionally running close in with the fort so as to draw its fire, and then tacking and standing seaward again. One of these vessels was a sloop of war, and the other a brig of sixteen guns. They were effectually blockading the river, and for some time no vessel had either come out or gone in. Every thing was brought to, even to the small fishing boat, and the strictest vigilance was maintained from the very first day of their arrival on the coast.

One morning in June, just as the sun was rising from the sea, flinging its fiery spears far across the sparkling waves, kindling up every object upon which they lit, the two English vessels were seen standing in towards the mouth of the river, under top-gallant sails, with the wind free, on the starboard quarter. They were about half a mile apart, their course converging to a point. This point was a small Kennebec sloop hugging the land, and endeavoring to make the entrance of the Kennebec. Her broad mainsail was flung to the wind like a great white wing, and she was sweeping along across the water like a gull flying before a storm. She had been discovered by a cruiser only a few minutes before, when they tacked together and pressed after her, to intercept her making sail as they went. Fifteen minutes more of the obscurity of morning, and the adventurous sloop would have got into the river and under the guns of the fort unseen or seen too late to be cut off.

It was a beautiful sight to behold the three vessels in motion; one small, armed and with but three sails to help her flight, bounding along close under the land; the others tall frowning with batteries and covered with canvass from deck to truck.

The sloop was two miles in shore of the cruisers, and about the same distance westward of the mouth of the harbor, being, when discovered, just stealing round Cape Small Point. She had, therefore, the same distance to run to gain shelter, that her pursuers had to come up with her present position.

The cruisers stood on for about five minutes after tacking in the same converging lines, when the corvette signalized the brig, which immediately luffed and bore up four points eastward, while the former kept her first course. The object had in view by this manœuvre of the brig, it was plainly evident to the fishermen who, from the rocks on which their huts were perched, were watching with interest the pursuing and the pursued, was to intercept her; for they had quickly discovered that a direct chase would be ineffectual, as the sloop showed herself to be a very fast sailor. So the brig stood straight towards the mouth, hoping to reach it in advance of the sloop while the sloop of war kept on to capture her if she should turn back and attempt to run into Harpswell or Portland.

'We shall be tuk, darned if we ain't, Deacon.' coolly remarked a tall, ungainly youth of nineteen, who, with a dipper fastened to a ten foot handle, was bailing up water from the sea and throwing it over the mainsail of the sloop, to sweel the threads of the canvass and make it better hold the wind.

As he spoke, he paused in his work, leaned upon his long dipper handle, and shutting one eye, took a deliberate survey of the two cruisers.

'Not so long as two timbers of the Polly Ann hold together, 'Siah, responded the Deacon, [illegible] ahead and the other watching the enemy, directing the course of his little vessel towards the shelter he sought. 'If we'd only had another ten minuts afore sun-up, we'd a got in. But the day an't goin' to stop for any man, and I don't 'spect it to. All we must do, is to keep the Polly out o' the hands o' the Britishers now they've got their eyes on us. Wet the sails, 'Siah! Keep wettin' 'em.'

'I guess they kind o' guess what we've got aboard, Deacon,' said 'Siah, as he cast a shower of spray over the mainsail. 'They seem to take aft-fired trouble to catch us. See how Polly jumps! The way she tosses water with her boys, I won't have to wet her jib; she does that herself!'

'If we don't get into the river, and them chaps overhaul us, what in natur's to be done, Deacon?'

'It won't do to let 'em capture the six big guns, and two barrels o' powder, and ton o' shot that we've got for the fort, that's a fact, 'Siah,' said, very decidedly, Captain, or rather 'Deacon' Paul Butterfield, who both owned and commanded the Polly, which had been a few days before, engaged by the government agent in Boston to convey armament and amunition to Fort Hunnewell. This enterprise the Deacon, for he was a lawful Deacon in his own town, which was Hallowell, forty miles up the river, had cheerfully undertaken, assuring the agent he could get the Polly Ann into the river safely, in spite of the cruisers. Shrewd, bold and cool, the Deacon saw that by running only in the night and hugging the shore, he should probably be able to get into the Kennebec undiscovered, especially as the cruiser used to stand off shore at night a league or two, for an offing, and run in again at sun-rise. The agent felt that a small coasting vessel, with so skilful a captain as Deacon Butterfied, would be quite as likely to get into the river as a large one, if not more so, and gave him the commission. For the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, the Deacon had bargained to take the cannon and the munitions to the Kennebec, and also he bound himself, if there was danger of his being captured, to scuttle the sloop and sink her. We now see him thus far in the progress of his enterprise.

The cannon were long battery thirty-two's six in number, and were laid athwart ships, side by side, upon deck. The shot was piled forward, and in the forecastle was stowed the powder, in casks, and securely protected under canvass; tarpaulins also covered the guns.

'If we can only stand on ten minutes more 'Siah,' said the Deacon to his mate, 'I don't fear them are two cruisers a stick! One on 'em you see has luffed to try and cut us off.—If 'twant for this plaugy heavy iron we've got in her, I'd show the enemy how to make a keel cut blue water through! But we must get in Lot," he added, turning to a rugged old man, who looked like a weather beaten fisherman, who comprised all his crew, and who was now engaged in tending the main-sheet, the slack of which he held in his iron fist.

"I's get in safely, Deacon," answered Lot Bissel gruffly; "and get two hundred and fifty dollars, or it's sink the sloop, and no insurance!"

"That's a fac, Mr. Bissel," responded the Yankee skipper, with emphasis; and shifting his tabacco from his larboard to his starboard cheek, he glanced under the main boom to see how the fort and shore lay, and then hove his eye to windward and took with it deliberate inspection of the enemy.

"Give a small pull aft on the main sheet, Mr. Bissel. 'Siah, haul aft the jib a bit! The Britisher a smoking his pipe!" added the skipper, quietly, as he saw a jet of smoke belched from the bow of the sloop of war. He had barelly got the words out of his mouth, when the boom of a gun reached their ears, and simultaneously a shot passed whizzing over their ears.

"I don't stan' that are!" said 'Siah, in a very determided tone, which singularly contrasted with his awkward, rustic exterior.—"Give me leave, Deacon, and I'll give them a shot back, darn me if I don't!"

"Your gun won't scare 'em, 'Siah. Ease off the main-sheet, Lot. Be ready to dodge, for I guess there'll be another one o' them junks o' iron this way. They an't no pilot, or they would'nt keep so near porpoise rock ledge!"

Cool and steady, the skipper stood at his post, and directed the course of his little craft. All at once he gave a loud hurrah! The sloop of war had struck, under full sail upon a rock, bare at low water, known as porpoise ledge, and every thing was taken aback, while her main-royal mast and yard went over the side.

"*That's for not taking a pilot on a strange* coast," said the skipper, dryly, while his keen little eyes fairly glittered with pleasure; but he made no further demonstrations of joy; but after taking a second glance at the sloop, [illegible] trouble themselves much further about him, he now gave his whole attention to the brig, which was about a mile and a half from him in straight line, and about equally distant from the entrance to the river.

Upon seeing the accident that had occurred to her consort, she bore down a little, and hoisted a signal. It was responded to on board the sloop, when the brig resumed her course.

"The sloop-of-war I suppose, says she dont want any aid; so the brig is left at liberty to intercept us;" said the skipper. "It looks, too as if she would get to the entrance as soon as the Polly; and then I guess it's all up with us! But I don't give up, so long as a timber hangs to her, or I can have a limb to hold on to the tiller by! But what in natur' are you doin' there, 'Siah?'

Well might the Deacon ask this question. The ambitious young Kennebecker had bro't from the forecastle a keg of powder, and knocked in the head with a handspike, and was now tying some half peck of it up in a bandanna handkerchief, which he had taken from his neck.

"Doing? I am goin' to give 'em a gun, darn'd if a'n't! if these here guns is got to go to Davy's locker, I'll get one fire out on 'em first, I guess!"

As 'Si h spoke he threw down a moveable section of the bulwark amidships, leaving an open space to the sea, before the muzzles of three of the enormous cannon that lay across the deck. He then took up his cartridge, and thrusting it into the muzzle of one of them, began to ram it down with a handspike.

"What on airth is the critter at?" cried the Deacon.

'Siah made no reply; but having rammed the cartridge home, he rolled a thirty-two pound shot towards it, and giving it a lift, shoved it into the muzzle after the powder.

Now for priming her; and then I guess if I don't give 'em a fourth o' July salute, they never heerd one!"

As he spoke, he poured a handful of powder upon the vent, and then jumped to the caboose, caught up a lighted pine knot, and waving it to keep it bright, approached the gun.

"Stop, 'Siah, stop!" shouted the skipper, at the top of his voice; "you'll blow the Polly And to Jericho, if you fire that are gun aboard on her?!"

"I don't calculate I'll be took pris'ner by the Britishers, Deacon, and be put in Dartmoor, I guess! I don't mean to fire jis' yet, but take a chance for a good aim, and then give 'em saltpetre!"

"It'll shake every bone out o' the Polly!" said the captain in alarm.

As he spoke, the brig, now within a mile distance, fired a shot across her bows.

"That means heave to, Lot," said the skipper; "'Siah put out that pine knot."

"I mean to, by'm by, Deacon! Wait till I get a shot at 'em! I an't afeerd o' hurtin' the sloop a bit! You just yaw her a leetle bit, and bring the muzzle o' my artillery piece right agin the brig, and if I don't show 'em how a yankee gun can speak, I don't never want to see the inside o' Kennebec river agin!"

A second gun came from the brig, and the shot passed within ten feet of the Deacon's head, made a rent a fathom long in his mainsail, and the shot caused the peak halyards to part, and let the peak of his mainsail down.—This caused the sloop to fall off a point or two; and while the skipper, unflinching and with a quiet look, was trying to bing her to the wind again, 'Siah, taking advantage of a moment as she swung, in which his loaded gun bore upon the brig, instantly applied the torch to the vent' The roar, the flame, and the concussion were terific.

The light vessel reeled under the recoil of the vast gun, till the waves poured in over her bows and stern. The skipper and Lot, were laid flat upon deck, while 'Siah found himself hanging by the heels in the lee shrouds.

For a few moments the Deacon thought his vessel would go down, she wallowed and and plunged so—but she soon steadied herself though with her deck flooded, her jib blown away, and her windless unshipped.

"I guess if they got the shot, it'll settle 'em said 'Siah, as he dropped feet first out of the rigging, into which he had been blown, upon deck, and tried to see through the smoke.

"You ought to be settled, you 'tarnal critter!" cried the Deacon, enraged; "you like to have sunk her, darn ye!"

"Don't swear, Deacon! I want to see if the brig got it."

"Got it, you fool! I guess you'll get it if *ever I see shore again!*"

As the smoke slowly rolled away, the brig was discovered, no longer standing down, but knocking about at the mercy of the waves and winds, her foremast gone by the board, and [illegible] ten feet of the deck!

'Siah was perfectly confounded, but he manifested no surprise, while the Deacon and Lot set up a loud hurrah of triumph.

"Why, what is the matter? Why don't you hallo?" said the Deacon, taking breath.

"Coz it an't nothin more'n I meant to do!" responded 'Siah, with inimitable sang froid; "I an't surprised, if you be Deacon.

In twenty minutes more, the sloop, with her valuable cargo, was safely sheltered under the guns of Fort Hunnewell. The sloop-of-war lay upon the rock till the next tide, and the brig lay by her rigging a jury mast. Before sunset, both vessels made sail, and steered eastward, on the way towards Halifax, to repair damages. Thus the blockade was raised greatly to the relief of the commerce of the river.

"'Siah" is now one of the most popular of our Eastern steamboat captains.

A love of country and of rural pursuits, induces early rising; and the glow of health wh ch mantles on the lovely cheeks of the fair who rise with the lark, and the brightness of the eye that glistens with healthful radiance, is more fascinating to the eye and heart of man than the artificial roseate hue to be found in the ball room.

Walking is the most perfect exercise for the human body; every artery, from the head to the extremities, propels the blood quicker and more equally in walking than in any other exercise. The blood is drawn from the head and upper parts, where it is most slow and languid, and is circulating with rapidity to every part.

If there is anything disagreeable to the social circle, really loathsome in any kind of society, it is to hear a poverty-stricken aristocrat, to lazy to work and ashamed to beg, talk of what he once was; of rich uncles, aunts and cousins; of the splendor of his father's mansion, and his mother's first society.

Peace, contentment and health, form a little heaven on earth.

Gradual Abasement of the Producing Classes.

We have explained in the two preceeding numbers of the Phalanx, two of the great social evils with which we believe this country is threatened:—first, violence, sectional dissension, and revolutionary ferment growing out of the question of SLAVERY in the South; and second, a Commerical Feudalism, and the subjection of the producing classes to the absolute control and tyranny of capital—to a vast financial and commercial Oligarchy—and the indirect slavery of the mass; and we pointed out some of the elements at work in society to bring about these great social calamities.

We will point out in the present article the third great Evil which menaces this country; it is the gradual sinking of the great body of the people into poverty and a state of degrading dependence—a result of the present false system of Industry, based upon competitive strife, conflict of interest and an inequitable division of profits. To a great extent the laboring classes are already poor, and the serfs of capital; but when we speak of the poverty and degradation which the future has in store for the laboring or producing classes we mean a far more extended state of poverty and servile dependence than that which now exists; we mean that the great majority of the people, the producing classes, the farmers, the mechanics and the laborers, will all be gradually despoiled of the property they now possess and become the poor dependants of a small minority who will absorb and concentrate in their own hands the wealth of the country. The producing classes, the great body of the people in this country, are tending—slowly it may be, but surely—towards that poverty, pecuniary dependence, and industrial bondage, which exists in Europe, and which will necessarily bring with it that degradation of the masses, and that industrial oppression, which characterize the older countries, where the pernicious influence of the false system of society, called Civilization, under which we live, has been more fully realized in practice. The causes which are to produce this result are clearly to be seen in action; the principles at work in society to produce it are evident, and although the practical effects are not so numerous and striking as to attract general attention or gain credence when pointed out, yet the discerning mind cannot but perceive tendency of things, nor fail to note the great and all-important fact, of a gradual abasement of the Laboring Classes in this country.

We might cite many facts in proof of this; but our object at present is more to illustrate from principles, which are universal and uniform in their action and effects, than to point out facts of a fragmental nature and bearing.

We will speak in the present article of four principle influences which are operating to produce the gradual abasement of the working or producing classes of this country and their subjection to a state of poverty and abject industrial servitude.

1st. The power of Capital, and its control over Labor.

2d. Free-competition or hostile strife among the working classes to obtain the work which capitalists and employers require, the effect of which is a constant reduction of wages, or a decrease in the price of Labor, which is the poor man's only property.

3d. Machinery owned by the few, which works AGAINST the Laboring Classes instead of FOR them.

4th. Isolation; want of combination and concert of action among the working classes and consequent weakness and helplessness, which make them an easy prey to the combined and more intelligent action of those who have the capital and credit of society in their hands.

1st. The power of Capital, and its control over Labor.

The power of capital is almost boundless and absolute, and as it controls Labor, it controls indirectly as a consequence the classes who live by labor. Now the question is, to what end will this power of Capital and its control over the laboring classes be exercised? The answer is simple; the owners of capital will aim to obtain complete and absolute supremacy. By every means that have the least coloring of legitimacy, direct and indirect, by legislation of which the moneyed interests are now the masters, monopoly, usury and extortion, by every device of cunning and legalized fraud and hidden injustice and oppression, Capital will seek to obtain the largest portion possible of the fruits of labor, and to reduce the producing classes to that state of dependence and subserviency, which will render it undisputed Sovereign of Industry, and the classes, the small minority who possess it, the Rulers of Society. And if will succeed, for its power is as inherently irresistible as it is actually unscrupulous. The society is now constituted, with "individualism" for its basis and the right of every man to take care of himself at the expense of his neighbor acknowledged and acted upon universally, the class of persons who are benefited by the usurpation of Capital will neither be blamed nor blameable—the wealth and power which accident of birth or good fortune confer are possessions which all desire and all would obtain if possible.

The aim of capital is to amass, to accumulate; and ambition and avarice combine to give intensity to the desire of accumulation.—In this modern Age, riches confer respectability and standing, as did in former days military skill and exploits, and men now combat fortune, especially in this country where hereditary rank does not exist, and the glory of war has departed, as they did formerly for the bloody laurels of carnage. Wealth is now the main standard of distinction in society, and as a consequence the desire to possess it is strong and the struggle to obtain it fierce and unrelenting.

Whence do riches come? from what source does capital draw its income?—From labor, from productive, creative Labor, which is the sole and only source of wealth. From Labor must be drawn the riches which are to satisfy the cupidity or the ambition of the men of this age,—an age of financial and industrial war, in which the laurels are money bags, and the victims the poor toilers of industry.

The object of Capital, therefore, is to draw all it can from Labor, to amass, to absorb as much as possible of the wealth created by human industry. We find, consequently, capital arrayed against Labor, and Labor in its desperate endeavoring to react against Capital, and opposition, or a regularly organized warfare is waged between them. On the one hand Capital seeks to oppress and spoilate Labor, and on the other hand Labor strives to resist the encroachments of Capital. Capital is represented in this country by the merchants, bankers, financiers and master-manufacturers; in Europe, by these classes, and the nobility: Labor is represented by the agricultural, manufacturing and mechanical classes. This relation of the two classes of capitalist and laborers, renders them opponents and enemies of each other, and while the first class is prosecuting extensive speculations, securing privileges and planning monopolies, the second class by feeble and impotent shifts are endeavoring to increase slightly the price of wages or maintain the pitiful modicum which they receive. But Capital is all-powerful, and as it accumulates, Labor must be impoverished, and the result must inevitably be that Capital will absorb and monopolize the wealth of society, whilst the immense majority who perform the labor will be deprived of everything and sunk into dependence and destitution.

How can it be otherwise? Labor cannot maintain its ground against the encroachments of powerful Capital. The only property of the working classes is their Labor, which they must sell day by day in order to obtain the means of existence. Employment and life are one with the laboring classes; the laboring classes cannot wait and force capital to buy their labor at a fair price; they must have work, and the labor of their hands must be realized at once, in a shape which will give them the means of subsistence. Not so with the class of Capitalists; they can afford to wait, having ample means of living, and thus while half starved Labor is urged by WANT to sell itself at any price, Capital at its leisure can plan schemes and dictate terms, which suit its own interests. Labor must accept the terms which Capital lays down; the producing classes must either take the wages which Capital will give if they are its hirelings, or they must sell the products of their Industry at the prices which Capital establishes and will pay, and buy what they consume at the prices it asks. In either case the effect is the same, to impoverish the producing classes. In regard to the effect upon wages, where capital operates upon masses of hired laborers, the result is well known, but in all the ramifications of business, agricultural and manufacturing, the process of spoliation is constantly in operation. The producer everywhere is forced to sell the products of his Industry cheap, and to buy what he consumes dear. Thus he pays a tribute to Capital, whether employed in finance or commerce, which in time enables it to eat up his substance. Do not Mechanics and small manufacturers see and know this when they take their wares to a market to sell? Do not farmers see and feel it when they take their products to the country merchants to dispose of? to say nothing of the extensive and powerful leagues among millers, drovers and butchers, which fleece them upon a large scale out of their heavier products, their corn and their cattle, by taking every advantage which circumstances offer?

They who have the active capital and wield the credit of society—the bankers, merchants and master-manufacturers—buy and sell the products of labor; and they are thus enabled to levy a tax upon both producer and consumer, and in time to become the possessors of the means of production and distribution, the whole capital of society—the soil, workshops, &c., the means of transportation, ships, steamboats, canals and railroads—besides controlling and directing the money power through the agency of banks and other moneyed institutions, which they also own.—Thus they have completely in their power Labor or production, and those who are engaged in it.

With this power and these advantages, possessed by Capital, and the weakness and the dependence of Labor, it is evident that the producing or laboring classes who compose the great body of the people must in time be impoverished, reduced to dependence and become the lowly hirelings and serfs,—the "living machines" of Capital.

Our remarks upon the other three divisions of this subject are postponed to the next number.—*Phalanx.*

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

What We Labor for.—The abolition of idleness, want and oppression; the prevalence of industry, virtue and intelligence.

Fitchburg, Thursday, September 4, 1845.

WORKINGMEN OF NEW-ENGLAND!

Let the Convention at FALL RIVER be fully attended—now is *the time* for action.

Our Manufacturing System.

Much has been said and written upon the present system of Manufacturing in America and England, and much still remains to be *written* and *spoken* ere the American people will awake to true and rational sense of its enormity and paralyzing effects upon the health, virtue, national and individual prosperity of our people.

We are well aware that much has been said and written for selfish party purposes; much has been done to inflame the community against "corporation monopoly" and "chartered monsters," merely to gain party ends, and for this reason every honest effort to show the true state of the system as it really exists, has encountered the prejudices and political understanding of a portion of our citizens and been denounced as "humbugs" and their advocates, as "*petty reformers*" and *addle-pated exciters.*" Thus people suffer themselves to be chained to their sectarian notions and selfish and party interests, blinding their understanding and rejecting every thing that conflicts with their circumscribed bounds and dogmatical opinions. There is nothing that so stifles and perverts the truth and hinders the mental, physical and moral progression of the race as modern sectarianism and party allegiance. A young man through some influence or other, comes upon the stage of action a full rigged Whig, he of course, must be in favor of the present system of manufacturing, a "National Bank," "Distribution of the Public Lands," and many other *great* and *vital* "Whig principles" and opposed to "annexation," and why? for the very *sound* and *cogent* reason, that "*our party*" is. Another young man takes his stand upon the political platform a thorough going democrat, he (certainly) must be opposed to the "Factory System" a "National Bank" "Distribution" and all other whig measures; and in favor of "annexation," because "*our party*" is. Every subject must be measured by "*our party*" or "*our sect*" and if they agree, they are adopted and defended right or wrong; if not they are discarded and rejected. So it is; ambition,—misguided philosophy and blinded theology have concerted certain great system; society has gradually adopted—embraced them, until they are interwoven into her texture and have become the very filling of the *sacred* fabric which so miserably supplies the wants and covers the *bare* necessities of mankind, and he that steps forward to introduce some new material that shall clothe humanity in her own beautiful garments, is assailed as an infidel, fanatic and a mad man.—We have no sympathy with parties, sects and creeds, which tend to trammel the free legitimate action of the natural understanding, causing a man to do violence to his own being, and disregarding the rights of others—we are as free as the winds that fan our hills—free to believe truth from whatever source it may come—free to believe *all* truths, because they are truths. Therefore we believe the present factory system is wrong—wrong in principle and injurious in its results, subverting the natural rights of man, dooming one class of our fellows to wretched, degraded servitude, while another lives in ill-gotton affluence and vicious excess. We do not speak against the factory system because we are a whig, or a democrat, a tariff or anti-tariff advocate, but because we are a *man* and wish to see truth prevail; the doctrines of Christ made practical and mankind universally enjoy heaven's natural blessings. That much disquietude exists among the advocates and votaries of the factory system, as now organized, is very apparent. The great revolution that is now gathering among the laboring people, speaks in portentious accents, that unfeeling capital shall not always rule; rioting and fattening upon the bones and sinews and life's blood of the indigent working people; that a brighter day will dawn ere long when *man*—his immortal soul and body's best good shall be *primary* and capital—the dust of the earth, woods and bounding streams, shall become *secondary*—governed by his enlightened will and administering to his rational wants—a day when human flesh and blood shall not be sold in the market or put in material competition with the mechanical devices of men. A great effort is now being made by the various friends and advocates of manufacturing monopoly to forestal public opinion in its favor, to ingratiate it into the good will of the American people, by holding up its most beautiful features and extolling the factories above every institution in the country for moral, physical and intellectual improvement. But what seems to us quite strange and inconsistent, is; that these same eulogists should send their sons and daughters to other institutions for cultivation and improvement, while these are so far superior. Why are not the daughters of the manufacturers, agents and superintendents to be found, over the loom, the spinning frame, in the carding or dressing rooms, beside these fresh spirits, gathered down from the green mountains and peaceful valleys," gaining an education, "improving their health" and laying up their "*two thousand dollars,*" after buying a farm worth *eleven hundred?*—Why are not the Factory Girls to be found in the parlors and at the social gatherings of these same individuals, if they hold their characters and accomplishmens in such high esteem?—It requires no extraordinary amount of discernment to develope the true cause of the present effort, on the part of the community, to render our manufacturing system popular—the working people have taken this matter into their own hands, and avarice fears the result. Consequently the "*free, contented* and *well paid operatives,*" are loaded with heartless praises and fulsome flattery, (which reminds us very much of the fable about the spider and the fly); the press is bought up to do the bidding of capital, and sounds forth its high panegyrics upon the superior excellencies of factory life, and is ready to brand all as "*deluded and fanatical fools,*" who stand out, and show by sound philosophy, and from christian principles, that the tendency of the system is wrong and pernicious to the prosperity of a large class of our people. Political scribblers, to accomplish some dastardly, party purpose, are lavish with their false and high colored encomiums upon the "*free spirits and glittering temples of happy industry*"—men in "high places" are ready to throw their influence and *clerical weight* in favor of oppression and soul corrupting power, and a horde of underlings, expectants and crumb-catchers are all quite anxious, lest the workingmen's movement and the spirit of investigation and reform which now prevails to a great extent among the laboring people, shall disrobe the factory system of its false garb when it shall be seen and known as it really is—a manufacturing feudalism, building up a throne of lordly wealth and luxurious superabundance for the few, at the physical, mental and moral sacrifice of the mass. The great hobby of the advocates of the system at this time is, to hold up the superior condition of the American operatives compared with the miserable, half starved slaves and serfs of the Old World, as a *quietus* to our workingmen and women, who may entertain the apprehension at times, that all is not so *republican* and *christian* as many would have them believe; and they are insultingly asked to be thankful for their high privileges and "*free institutions*" and advised to be contented, industrious, economical and let "well enough alone." Now all this is very fine talk for those persons who are living in splendor, upon the hard earnings of others, but the free thinking, industrious operatives and working men are sick of such hollow hearted *good will*—they are not content with the *privilege* of working *twelve* or *thirteen* hours per day, making slaves of their bodies and minds, that a gang of capitalists and speculators, may live in elegant mansions, ride in splendid coaches, build rail roads, rear cities, construct costly sanctuaries, support a popular and gold serving clergy and "fare sumptuously every day;" while a portion of them receive a bare subsistance, and perhaps a few of life's dispensables and others live in constant want, anxiety and privation. The American workingmen and women, will not long suffer this gradual system of *republican* encroachment, which is fast reducing them to dependence, vassalage and slavery; because the English, Irish or French operatives are greater slaves, their condition more deplorable or English capitalists and task masters have the power to be more tyrannical and oppressive. They will not have their rights thus measured—they are *men* and *women*—the children of humanity, and claim the rights that God has given to all of earth's offspring—"the right to life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness," and they will be content with nothing short of this. The condition of the working classes, of many of the old countries is sad and distressing in the extreme, and they should have the sympathy and commiseration of every workingman and woman in America, but while we feel for them we should not become blind to our own true condition and suffer the same system which has thus degraded them, to steal gradually upon our people, and the same wide spreading *Upas* tree of oppression to cast a shadow our fair land. This is not fanciful—it is no hot headed undeliberate assertion of ours, that the same evil is already rooted in our soil which has made them nations of luxurious lords and starving beggars—'tis too true and we are not alone in the belief. In view of these things we call upon the operatives and working classes of New England to organize and investigate the present state of society and see why it is, that our country is growing in wealth and opulence, its cities and manufactories rising, its capital reaping vast dividends, while its laboring, producing sons and daughters are constantly becoming more dependent and want, poverty, crime and misery are daily increasing. Operatives and workingmen of America!—it is by your industry, that these cities and manufactories are reared, by your toil, the nation grows in wealth, by your bones and sinews the columns of brick and stone tower towards the heavens, by you this vast complication of machinery is kept in daily motion, and the beautiful production is displayed to the world, you clothe the idle and feed the indolent and unproducing; then consider that, by your will, they can subserve the true interests of mankind and become a blessing to humanity, by your united and intelligent action and vigilance a valuable heritage will be transmitted to posterity; but by your apathy and neglect, slavery and oppression will inevitably follow.

☞ We have been informed by credible persons, that our remarks relative to the burial of Lang, who was found in the road, were to some degree incurate, and therefore shall consider ourself bound to make such corrections as justice demands. We received the impression from our informants (which we supposed to be undoubted authority,) that the body was deposited in a rude hasty manner into a rough box and hurried out of the way as soon as possible, which we learn is not true—but that he had a decent burial.

We have no disposition whatever to vilify or misrepresent any transaction, in town or out of town, as our object is the *truth* and the *whole truth*; therefore should anything, inadvertantly or through mis-information, find way into our columns, it will give us much pleasure to make such reparation as truth requires.—Our object and office, is to advocate universal justice and right; to urge the claims of the poor, down-trodden and unfortunate, upon public and individual sympathy and respect; having no cynical animosities or party bickerings to cherish or express; and when we speak of cases like the one under consideration, it is to show the influence of misused wealth and public cupidity in hardening and perverting the natural sympathies and kindred ties that should exist between all nations and all people, of whatever color or condition, and leading society to pay homage at the shrine of wealth and worthless distinctions; surrounding the grave of the rich with all the gorgeous trappings of magnificence, while the poor are neglected and pass away like the beasts, unnoticed and un-cared for. We shall not fail to speak of these things when duty requires, in the spirit of earnestness and kindness, having no desire to exaggerate or magnify the already numerous evils which every day manifest themselves. From what information we have received it is our opinion that the "town authorities" are exempt from censure, but should there remain doubts in the minds of any persons, our columns are open for an expression

---

As the old Bachelor has graced his side, honest and christian sheet, with what he terms a "scientific and literary department," and feeling somewhat interested in the success of his new enterprise, we select the following "rare specimens" from about a dozen of like character in the last *Sentinel*, which we hope he will consider *worthy* of an insertion:

"Another outrage by the *Rummies*. On Sunday night last, a hole was dug in the bank forming a trench for conducting the water from the pond to the saw and grist mills owned by Mr. Josiah Sheldon, one of the selectmen of the town, deep enough to allow the water to run over, and *then pulled the gates at the upper end of the trench, and and threw it into the pond.*"

"Two barns on the farm of Mr. Albert P. Damon, in the south part of this town, were struck by lightning, and *burned with their contents.*"

The Professor is determined (notwithstanding our friendly caution,) to prove himself a hero or an ignoramus, and it requires no extraordinary spirit of prophecy to foretell with quite a degree of certainty, the result should he continue to progress in his illustrious course, as of late. If in the quotation last week he would have us understand all italicized words (except the single typographical error,) to be incorrect, he displays a *high order* of knowledge, entirely above our latitude, and we advise him to spend his criticism, within *his own* immediate neighborhood, as we have but little brains and are too *uncivilized* to understand it, neither are we so *fortunate* as to have a *college learned friend* to instruct us in the more strictly *scientific* branches—such as *legal suasion* pharmacy and the art of keeping "rum shops" on strictly washingtonian and christian principles &c. The old Bachelor's futile attempt to brand us as but little better than a thief, because we stated that the deceased foreigner "fell among thieves," is remarkably bright and logical; suppose his superior order of intellect could not discover, that he virtually made the same statement when he gave notice of the "grave robbery." Will his keepers allow him to tell us the difference between a robber and a thief? Be cautious *General* or you will outwit yourself.

☞ We take the liberty of publishing the following extract from a private letter of a *friend* written from the West:

"I have taken pleasure in perusing the Voice of Industry; the theory there laid down and defended is for the benefit of nine-tenths of the community,* if they but reflect, and are guided by reason. But I fear the mass of mankind will be led along by the few until they find themselves bound, both body and mind. We have here in this part of the country, men who stand high in popular favor, who scruple not at robbing the widow and fatherless of their mite, to fill their already overflowing coffers, obtained by robbery. Now if such things continue to progress, the workingmen will soon find themselves on a level with the slaves of the South. I am right glad that the wise men of the East, (pardon the expression) have independence of mind enough to come out in their own defence, at least some of them, and proclaim themselves free. I as one who toils for his bread, wish them God speed in the noble undertaking, and hope their labors will not cease, until they have opened the prison doors and set the captives free.

*Yes *ten-tenths*—humanity and the true principles of right and justice are universal, "the greatest good of the greatest number," is a bad maxim,—the greatest evil of ALL.

For the Voice of Industry.

MR. EDITOR: I noticed in the Voice, not long since, a short article on the work just published, entitled "Lowell as it was, and as it is." It would seem as though the author of that work made the public believe that he is *perfectly* acquainted with the laws of health, when he very coolly tells us that factory labor is conducive to health. If lamp smoke, cotton dust, the nauseas of miserable oil, and wet walls from the effects of steam, are congenial elements of life and health, then will the author of that work be abundantly sustained in the position he has chosen. But are these really what he claims for them; is half masticated food and badly ventilated rooms in addition to all the unwholesome materials with which they are in constant contact, in reality, elements of life; if so we shall see the Reverend author of that little work, on the first indication of ill health, place his own children within the walls of one of these Hospitals where they may have their health *perfected* without any fears of the morals or intellects, in any way being injured, placing them at the same time in the care of the "moral police," of the corporations.

So far as the health of the operatives is concerned, any one blest with common observation, cannot be ignorant of the fact, that the operatives are obliged to go into the country almost universally, to improve their health, and that with a few weeks stay, they return much better then when they leave. If they are improved by working in the mills, it is strange that they should be under the necessity of going into the country for such a purpose. Can the health of the operatives as stated by the work alluded to, be harmonized with the physical laws? we think not; are not these laws immutable? Can they be violated at the bidding of the corporations, without the penalty being inflicted? Is not God their author? If so "let God be true though every man be a liar." More anon.

Lowell, Sept. 8, 1845. OLIVA.

We truly admire the consistent christian spirit and moral courage of the following:

Mrs. M'Farlan's Resignation.

To the officers and members of the M. W. T. A. Society, New Bedford.

It has become my duty, although to me painful, to resign the office I now hold, as President of this society; and I much regret that circumstances have transpired which render it necessary, for I have labored in connection with you in the great cause of Temperance and charity for a long time, and I hoped to continue those labors of love, by God's help, much longer. But your recent deliberate decision with respect to pecuniary matters, compels me thus to act—We are but Stewards for the public. They have placed at our disposal, funds for the relief of the inebriate and his family, and as honest women, we are bound to see these funds properly and justly disposed of. Ladies, I ask is it just or proper to vote away this money given us by the public, to an individual, to assist in paying a lecturer seventy dollars a week, while the poor and suffering are begging for assistance? Yes, Ladies, you gave fifteen dollars to a man who needed it not, while you have objects of charity around you, perishing for want of assistance.

I think this both unjust and unmerciful. I cannot be a party to such unwise conduct. I therefore tender you my resignation, and am no longer your President.

Ladies, I beg of you to accept my unfeigned and *heart felt thanks*, for the many tokens of respect, and acts of kindness I have received from you since I have been with you, and I assure you they will long be enshrined in my memory. My fervent prayer to heaven is, that you may be successful in your efforts for the reformation of the drunkard, and every other good work. Although I am not connected with you, I shall continue to use my poor abilities for the good of my fellow creatures. Finally, may you live in love and harmony, and keep the *unity* of the *spirit* in the *bonds of peace*; be of one mind, having compassion one of another; love as sisters, be pitiful and courteous—be kind one towards another, tender-hearted, and forgiving, even as God, for Christ's sake has forgiven you.

I subscribe myself ever yours in the great cause of Temperance.

SARAH M'FARLAN

☞ The late attack of the *Olive Branch* upon Mr. Sumner's highly commended Fourth of July Oration, is decidedly stale and behind the times; people are beginning to look upon this gun powder christianity and bayonet justice, as anything but civilized or christian—What a horrible state of society ours would be, if there was no towns to seek, cities to burn, widows to mourn and children to be made fatherless; no skulls to crack, and necks to break in the name of God—no prisons and penitentiaries to fill with crime, armies and navies, to drain the working people's hard earned treasures and blight the industry of the nation. This letting out a fellow beings heart's blood, by christians and christian nations, all for the cause of religion and civilization, to our insane understanding, is strange doctrine when compared with the teachings of Christ, whom the "Olive Branch" openly declares to have "authorized violence against the enemies of society." Can the *clerical* editor tell us how long in all human probability it will take society to usher in the millenium by grape shot, gun powder and violence.

Labor in New York:

ITS CIRCUMSTANCES, CONDITIONS AND REWARDS.

NO. III.

The girls employed in Book-binderies work indiscriminately at folding and stitching—sometimes being employed one week in folding and the next in stitching. They earn about the same wages at either occupation, and work always by the piece. Not more than half of them who have regular situations are steady sober workers—the want of education and the out-door temptation which belongs to the fortunes of so many of them exerting a powerful influence to destroy their ambition and self respect, and to beget habits of levity and idleness. There are from 2500 to 4000 girls engaged in the respectable Binderies in the City, and their wages are very various—depending entirely on the skill, experience and industry of the girls, as well as, sometimes, on the favoritism of foremen and those who give out the work. Many do not earn more than $150 or $2 per week; others make $3 and $3 50; while there are a few whose bills, week after week, run as high as $5 and $6. These are old and highly valued hands, and some of them have held there situations for years.

The price paid in the large establishment for folding are, for single 8 vo. sheets, 2 cents per hundred; for double do. (16 pages,) 3 1-4 cents per hundred. Double 12 mo. is paid 3 1-4 cents. An average hand working 10 hours a day can fold 10 or 1200 of the double 12 mos. Few do as much as that, however. The cutting of the signatures is included in these prices.

The stichers receive a great variety of prices according to the size of the sheets, the number of pages in a signature, &c. &c. An average price for common work may be stated at 2 1-2 cents per hundred sheets. At these rates they make about the same as at folding. In both folding and stiching there is so wide a range of work that the only praticable way of estimating the earnings of these girls, as a class is to take account of their weekly wages. In the best establishments these range from $2 50 to $3 50—leaving out of the question those few who are extraordinarly expert or industrious. In many other establishments, however, the work is dribbled out by piecemeal, so that the girls on the average do not work more than half of the time. Some concerns, too, we are compelled to say are in the regular habit of playing *less* even then the above price and employ girls at the very lowest rate they can compel them to accept.

The system of apprenticeship also exists in this trade and a skillful worker just through her apprenticehood is too often sent adrift to make room for raw hands. In the large establishments the girls are generally separated from the men who work at Book-binding and are kept in tolerable order. In some houses they are not permitted even to speak to each other during working hours. In others (and that, too, where we should look for the utmost strictness) the girls laugh and talk and carry on half the the time.

The Folders and Stitchers commence work at 7 in the morning and work till 6 in the evening—taking an hour for dinner. They almost universally bring dinner with them and eat it any way they can get at it. The fare as you may well suppose, is poor enough; and yet perhaps nine-tenths of these girls board with their mothers, brothers, married sisters, or other relatives or friends, the hand of affection often drops some trifling delicacy in the little tin pail that holds the poor worker's dinner, at which, when she spreads her humble board her eyes glisten with a tear of love and she utters a silent blessing.

These girls pay from $1,75 cents to $2 per week for their board, and extra for washing. A great minjority of them board with their relatives or friends, and thus are better fed, lodged and cared for than those girls who have to live at the cheap public boarding houses. They are most of them fatherless, and many have neither father nor mother. Many of them belong to the church; and nearly all, we believe, are of good character. In some of the less respectable Binderies, however, so much circumspection is not employed. They are from all grades and ranks in life, and the history of themselves and families would, in many instances, be more interesting than the most aristic romance. We remember a sprightly and delicate looking girl whose story was told us by the polite proprietor of the large Bindery where she was employed, although not one of her companions knows anything of her strange fortunes. She is the daughter of a once distinguished and opulent East-India merchant, who lived in the most sumptuous and aristocratic style, bestowing upon his daughters every accomplishment which could possibly be obtained by wealth and taste. He died and was discovered to be a hopeless bankrupt. His widow and one grown-up daughter—two of the most *distingue* women of fashion in the City—and the subject of our story were reduced to sudden and abject poverty. The young woman married a respectable hard working mechanic, with whom she now lives in uninterrupted happiness; and the little girl—the pet of the family—went to folding books. She boards with her sister and is a neat and prosperous worker. After hearing this little romance we turned to gaze with a deeper interest upon the gay, girlish face and slight but graceful form bending so quietly over her toil.

We have presented this important branch of the great Book-making business by no means in its darkest colors. The exceptions (which are many and distressing) to the comparative comfort which prevails among them we have left unrecorded.

Our next number will be devoted to the Book-binders, as belonging to the same kind of business; but we shall then return to our notes on the female laborers until we have exhausted the various classes.—*N. Y Tribune.*

We suppose the *Sentinel* is getting to be quite a *moral suationist*, by his publishing the excellent moral sussion discourse of Rev. Mr. Weiss.

The American Phrenological Journal is informed that our August numbers are not received.

The papers are full of "War with Mexico." The *Slave* republic of the United States, going to war with the *anti-slavery* republic of Mexico, and calling it a contest for *liberty!* Our government had better take care of what territory she already possesses instead of fighting for more.

THE N. Y. WORKING-MEN are well alive to the important subject of "Freeing the Public Lands" and the great cardinal principle of *free soil*, in the national sense of the term.

We have already published some of their proceedings, and intend hereafter to acquaint our readers more fully with this great reform —Go on brothers you are engaged in the causes of humanity.

The Salisbury and Amesbury factories are all stopped for want of water.

We should rejoice to hear of factories stopping for want of help.

FACTORY GIRLS' SAVING.—It is stated that the acount of money deposited by the female operatives in the Lowell Saving Bank is equal to *twelve hundred and fifty dollars* for every factory girl in the place. Some of them have saved two thousand dollars each! the interest of which would yield a handsome support.—*Concord Freeman.*

Twelve hundred and fifty dollars to each factory girl in Lowell, would amount to only *eleven millions two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.* Twelve dollars and fifty cents apiece would exceed the amount deposited by factory girls.—*Lowell Pat.*

Dr. Morse of Charlestown was the first chaplain to the State Prison in that town. On his being appointed, Gov. Strong, a particular friend to the doctor, called in person and informed him that the Governor and Council had given him the office, and a salary of $200 per annum. The doctor intimated with his customary suavity, that the pay was rather small. "The Governor and the council were aware of the smallness of the salary," replied his excellency, "but you will reflect doctor, that your labor is already half done. The prisoners are now under *conviction*, and all you have to do, will be to *convert* them."

A GOVERNOR SEIZED AS A SLAVE! The Cincinnati Herald of the 15th inst., says that Ex-Governor Corwin, who has a very swarthy complexion, while travelling about fifteen miles from that place was seized by a party of armed men, who rushed out of the woods, and swearing that he was a colored man, they tied and bore him to jail as a runaway slave.

EXECUTION.—Carter and Parke were executed on Friday, at Belvidere, N. J. for the murder of the Castner family—they died protesting their innocence. It was attended by ten thousand persons. The scaffold was elevated to the top of the fence which the law requires to be erected to make them private—thereby evading the law, and designed to make it a spectacle for the public gaze, and was so announced.

DESPERATE ROW AT A CAMP MEETING.—We learn that a most desperate and furious row and mob took place on Tuesday night, 12th ult., about 12 o'clock, at the colored Bethel camp Meeting, held on the lands of Mr. Freeman, in Baltimore county, near Franklin, under the auspices of the Bethel church in this city.

It appears that on Monday night, a colored man was arrested by the authorities of the camp for misconduct, and kept in confinement until a proper disposition could be made of him. This created some excitement and ill-feeling upon the part of his friends, who determined to procure his release at the hazard even of a resort to violence. Accordingly, on the night following, a large party (all colored,) numbering probably over one hundred, repaired to the camp ground, armed with clubs, pieces of fence rails, pistols, knives and other weapons of death. When the hour of midnight arrived, they entered the camp enclosure, making a desperate onslaught.—They met with strong resistance, and a general melee ensued. One man named Rogers, who was in the employ of a gentleman in or near Franklin, received the ball discharged from a pistol, which penetrated his mouth, producing a wound that has since caused his death. Another, named Henry Holliday, was severely and dangerously cut over the eye by a blow from a club. A third had his ear entirely cut off, and several others were more or less injured.

The mob were finally driven back by the guards, and several of the offenders arrested. *Balt Patriot.*

NOTICE.

THE LABORERS' UNION ASSOCIATION, of South Boston, holds its regular meetings every Thursday Evening, at the "Bank Hall," on 4th street, near the "South free bridge," and all who feel interested in the welfare of the producing classes, are cordially invited to attend.

The Library, is open every Saturday Evening for the delivery of books.

Subscriptions to the Library $2,00 a year, for Gentlemen, one dollar, for Ladies. A relief fund is also attached to the Association, for relief of sick and destitute members.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

All those who wish to transact business with our Association, are informed that Mr. Sanford Sawyer, has been chosen Agent, in place of Samuel Walton resigned, and is the only person authorized to receipt for Subscriptions of stock, and attend to the general business of the concern.

NOTICE.

☞ The Industrial Reform Association of Lowell, hold their meetings on Monday Evening of each week, at 8 o'clock, at 76, Corner of Central and Hurd Streets, and all who feel interested in the welfare of the producing classes, are cordially invited to attend.

Per Order

Lowell, Aug. 28. JOHN SAWTELL, Sec'y.

THE NEW ENGLAND

WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATION,

WILL hold a CONVENTION at FALL RIVER on

the 11th of September next.

The friends of Industrial Reform are invited to attend. Come one, come all. Ample provisions will be made by the friends at Fall River for the accommodation of all who shall attend the Convention from out of town.

L. W. RYKEMAN, *President.*

Aug. 28. THOS. ALMS, Sec'y.

MARRIAGS.

In Lowell, Aug. 17, by Rev. Mr. Brooks, Mr. Shepard F. Anderson to Miss Sophronia Haynes.

In Exeter, N. H., Aug. 19th, Mr. Charles F. Battles, of Lowell, to Miss Elizabeth O. Blake, of Exeter.

In Westminster, July 15 by Rev. J. E. Forbush, Mr. Wm. E. Rice, of W., to Miss Fidelia Merriam, of Princeton.

DEATHS.

In Worcester, on Thursday last, Miss Elizabath Waldo, sister of the late Hon. Daniel Waldo, aged 79. On Monday last, at the residence of his father Ex-Governor Lincoln, Mr. Levi Lincoln, jr., aged 39.

In West Boylston 23d ult, Henry Luther youngest son of Silas S. Harlim of Worcester, aged 11 months.

In Ashburham, 19th inst., Mrs. Lucy C., wife of John Adams, aged 38 years and 11 months and 3 days.

In this town, Aug. 22, William A., son of Caleb, and Betsy Harding, aged 1 year and 14 months.

Notice!

THE Subscriber having sold out his Stock in trade, and leased his Store to Messrs. PRATT & HUNT, would request all Persons having unsettled accounts with him, or with the late firm of HASKELL & SNOW, to call at the Store of said Pratt & Hunt, where he will be for a few weeks to attend to the settlement of the same.

Fitchburg, Sept 3, 1845. B. SNOW, JR.

FITCHBURG ACADEMY.

THE FALL TERM of this INSTITUTION, will commence on WEDNESDAY, the 3d of SEPTEMBER next, and continue Eleven weeks.

MISS LUCY BROWN and MISS MARY E. SHELDEN, will assist in the Female Department.

Tuition.

Common English Branches,	$3,00
Higher English do.	4,00
Languages,	5,00

BOARD in good families on reasonable terms. A few scholars can be accommodated with rooms to board themselves.

For particulars see hand-bills, or refer to J. R. GAUT, Principal.

Fitchburg, Aug. 7, 1845.

Old Stand! New Firm!!

PRATT & HUNT,

SUCCESSORS to B. SNOW, JR., would Respectfully inform the inhabitants of Fitchburg and Vicinity, that they have taken the well known STAND formerly occupied by MR. SNOW, and would invite the attention of purchasers to their New, and Extensive Stock of

Foreign & Domestic Dry Goods!!

CARPETINGS and FEATHERS which have been bought under the most advantageous circumstances for Cash! within the past ten days, comprising of 73 CASES and PACKAGES of entirely new GOODS, making altogether the largest and most desirable assortment of

DRY GOODS AND CARPETINGS!

ever before offered in Fitchburg or Vicinity, and they feel confident in assuring the Public they will find it much to their advantage to call and examine their Stock before purchasing.

☞ All our sales will be for cash! consequently bargains may be expected.

Fitchburg, Sept. 4, 1845. PRATT & HUNT.

Book and Job Printing,

neatly executed at the

Voice of Industry Office, No. 11, Snow's Block

HANDBILLS,		BOOKS,	
SHOWBILLS,		PAMPHLETS,	
SHOPBILLS,		CATALOGUES,	
SHOEBILLS,		JUSTICE'S BLANKS,	
LABELS,		BALL TICKETS,	
TAXBILLS,		CARDS,	
WAYBILLS,		CIRCULARS,	

and every variety of

LETTER PRESS PRINTING,

With entirely new Materials, and on the most reasonable Terms.

Carpets! Carpets!!

SUPER Ingrain, Venitian and Kidermintser, Fine and Superfine CARPETINGS.

ALSO 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4 STRAW and PAINTED Carpetings, COTTON & WOOD DRUGETS.

ALSO—

A general assortment of CHEAP Carpeting all for sale at the LOWEST price for cash, by

Fitchburg, Sept. 1845. PRATT & HUNT.

DAGUERREOTYPE MINIATURES,

Taken by E. Goddard.

At Rooms, in Torrey & Wood's New Block.

LADIES and Gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and examine specimens.

Patronage respectfully solicited.

Fitchburg, July 24, 1845.

Feathers.

6000 LBS. of LIVE GEESE Feathers at the LOW PRICES of 26, 28, 30, and 38 cts. per lb. by

Fitchburg, Sept. 1845. PRATT & HUNT.

BRONCHIAL COMFIT: a celebrated remedy for coughs, colds, influenza, &c. For sale at SHEPHEW'S 1t16

To the Ladies.

A NEW and SPLENDID ESTABLISHMENT of

Millinery Goods,

such as BONNETS, of PLAIN FLORENCE, FANCY STRAWS, RUTLAND, SILK VELVET &c.

RIBBONS of every style, FLOWERS! TABS! CAPS &c.

All kinds of MILLENARY WORK done in the best style at short notice.

—ALSO—

REPAIRING and PRESSING done in a satisfactory manner, both for Milleners and all who may favor us with their custom.

Suits which Bonnets are subject to, from sweat entirely removed.

ALSO—An Establishment for LADIES' DRESS MAKING in the best style and satisfactory manner. ENTRANCE through PRATT & HUNT'S STORE to the Milleinary and Dress Making Rooms.

☞ The above noticed Millenary and Dress Making Rooms will be opened September 21, 1845.

LOW FARE AND TIME ALTERED.

FITCHBURG & BOSTON

ACCOMMODATION STAGE.

ON and after June 2d, the *Old accommodation Stage* will run as follows:

Leaves Fitchburg Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 6 o'clock, A. M., passing through Leominster, Lancaster, New Boston, Bolton, Stow, N. Sudbury, Lincoln, Weston, Waltham, Watertown, Cambridgeport to Boston, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Leaves Doolittle's General Stage Office, City Tavern, Brattle Street, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., Passing through Cambridgeport, Watertown, Waltham, Weston, Lincoln, North Sudbury, Stow, Bolton, New Boston, (in Lancaster,) Lancaster Centre, Leominster to Fitchburg, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

Fare Through—One Dollar.

J. A. WHITCOMB, Driver.

☞ The above Line will intersect with Stages running through Westminster Gardner, Templeton to Athol. Also, with a line passing through Ashburnham to Winchendon.

Fitchburg, a28. n14tf.

Something New.

A FEW doors west of the *New Hotel*, near the RAIL ROAD DEPOT, at the Sign of the big PANTS, is situated the Fitchburg

CLOTHING WARE HOUSE,

where may be found in great abundance the following articles, viz:

SUMMER CLOTHING, OF ALL KINDS.

ALSO—DRESS COATS and a great variety of Silk PANTALOONS of super Doeskin Blue Black, Cassimeres and Stainetts.

BOOTS of all descriptions, Sizes and Prices. A large assortment of **Ladies' Misses' and Childrens' SHOES.**

Also—an extensive assortment of

PAPER HANGINGS,

at prices which cannot fail to suit.

Paper and Transparent Window Curtains, this day received, together with a very large assortment of OILCLOTH CURTAINS, at prices adapted to every one who may wish for the article.

W. HINDS.

Fitchburg June, 1845. nf tf.

SCHOOL RECORD.—S. & C. SHEPLEY, FITCHBURG, have published and offer for sale a School Record for the use of teachers. Provisions are made in this record for entering the NAME of each scholar, and the presence, absence, or tardiness for each half day—Also, the character of his recitations and deportment.

Fitchburg, May 1845. nf tf

Dr. L. Adams,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Fitchburg Mass.

OFFICE IN SNOW'S BRICK BLOCK, MAIN ST.

☞ All operations warranted.

S. & C. SHEPLEY,

DEALERS IN

Books, Stationery & Cheap Publications,

At Torrey & Wood's new Block.

HENRY J. LOWE,

DEALER IN

GOLD & SILVER WATCHES,

RICH JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE, FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, &C., &C.

☞ Repairing done in the best manner, at short notice.

Fitchburg, Mass.

E. F. BAILEY,

Bookbinder, Stationer & Bookseller,

No. 3, MERCHANT'S ROW,

Fitchburg, Mass.

HOWARD'S

Fashionable Hairdressing & Shaving Saloon,

IN WOOD & TORREY'S BRICK BLOCK, MAIN ST.

Fitchburg, Mass.

WESTERN LITERARY MESSENGER,

Published every Saturday

By Clement & Faxon,

No. 113 Main Street, Buffalo, New-York.

TERMS.—To Mail Subscribers $1,50 per annum, in advance. Four copies for $5,00. Eight copies for $8,00, and Eleven copies for $10,00. To city subscribers who receive their papers from the carrier, $2,00. Mail Subscribers will also be charged $2,00 if payment is not made in advance.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

All communications must be post paid in order to be taken from the Post Office.

BOOK STORE AND BINDERY.—E. F. BAILEY, would give notice to the inhabitants of Fitchburg and vicinity, that he has taken the Stand formerly occupied by F. A. Crocker, and now offers for sale a general assortment of School and Miscellaneous Books, and Stationery. Blank Books manufactured to order, and kept constantly on hand and for sale.

Old Books, Pamphlets and Pamphlets, bound in every variety of style, and at short notice.

Paper ruled to any pattern.

Fitchburg, May, 1845. nf tf.

REMOVAL.—DR. ADAMS, SURGEON DENTIST, has taken rooms at No. 12, Snow's Brick Block, where he will be happy to wait upon all those who are in need of his services. He would also tender his sincere thanks to those who have bestowed upon him their favors, hoping he shall merit a continuation of the same. Teeth examined gratis, at the sign of the Golden Tooth.

☞ All operations warranted to be equal to any by whomsoever performed.

Fitchburg, May, 1845.

NEW BOOKS.—S. & C. SHEPLEY, have just received from New York Trade Sale and other sources, a large quantity of School, Standard and Miscellaneous Books, which will be sold as low as at any other Book Store in Worcester County.

Fitchburg, May, 1845. nf tf

MISCELLANY.

Morale of Labor.

From his creator, it was appointed unto man to labor. If the earth in her spontaneous fruitfulness yielded everthing that the appitite or the heart of man could disire, still the condition in which he is cast, as a laborer and a son of toil is as necessary to his developement and happiness, as the vital air is to his existence. It is a narrow sense only that labor is pronounced a curse. In its greater and more philosophical and moral sense, it is the highest earthly blessing that God has bestowed upon the race. Industry in some one of the various departments of organized society and social life is so indispensable to our well-being, that those who strive to avoid it as a curse, invariably incur a greater one.

We have before spoken of the *formation of a good character and of the necessity of energy* as all-important to the young man in laying the foundation ot success in life. We scarcely need not say that, in addition to the adoption of good principles and the requisite resolution and perseverance to cary them out, it is equally important that industry should be constantly and cheerfully applied, if a young man would secure success. Who does not acknowledge that the ambitious aspirant for fame, must labor? Who does not see in his hours of solitary study, where nought but the lettered page of wisdom and the midnight lamps are his companions, that there in silent and laborious thought he is working out the meterials of his fame and his glory? The mechanic no less nor any more under the necessity of submitting to this condition of labor, than is the scholar. The true secret of his success is his ability to excel in his department as a skilful artist.—His head must be fruitful in inventions and the hand ready to produce the thought in tangible shape and visible form. He may be a druge in his profession, as many are—earning with reluctant and heartless toil a scanty support for himself and a miserable family, but if he would obtain the position of, a respectable independent, and influential mechanic, he must rise above the mere drudgery and slavery of his profession and become a master.—The thousands that labor upon the soil—even New England soil—with all the advantages which a New England farmer possesses for advance and improvement—attain not to a tithe of that competency and independence of which they are so capable; and which as man in the noble condition of free and sole proprietors of the soil, they are privileged, bound to possess. Groaning under the unmanly complaint that labor is a curse—that it is a condition of a fallen race—they go to their task more like galley slaves than like free, fresh, vigorous, and hearty freeman. Thus they change—wickedly convert what God designed for a blessing, into a curse indeed.

Not one half of our agricultural population, we venture to assert, allow their minds to rise to a proper contemplation of the dignity and distinguished blessings of their employment. They worry themselves out in the drudgery of life without scarcely tasting the sweet fruits of manly labor. Always indigent—living from hand to mouth—unambition—aspiring to nothing beyond obtaining the bare necessaries of life—they voluntarily subsist in a state of serfism—the only serfism thank heaven; that taints our soil—that of unnecessary poverty. There is everything in our climate, our soil, our political and civil institutions to favor the real and ambitious laborer. He need not work for nothing or in obedience to the will of another. Possessed of proper energy, however indigent he may be when commencing life, he need not toil day in and day out, for a bare subsistence. Let him apreciate labor as a blessing, and let him also value it as honorable and as the only sure mode of developing his character and placing him in a position at once independent and happy, and our word for it, there is not one in fifty of our young men in New England, who would not put under their feet every obstacle and place their success in life beyond a contingency of failure.

To labor then with a just estimate and appreciation of the true value and dignity of labor is the truth we wish enforce. Give the land to work cheerfully; and let no one complain of toil as one of the miseries of condition. As surely as competancy and independence is secured by industry, so surely is virtue and every manly quality of character nourished and strengthened by labor. Indolence is the mother of crime, and inaction feeds the appetite of every depraved desire.—*N. H. Courier.*

OLD HUNDREDTH.—The music in harmony of four parts of this venerable Church tune was composed by Claude Goudimel, about the year 1544. The composer, who was Chapel master at Lyons, France, died in 1572 a victim to religious opinion. The harmony of this hymn has since been altered, as may be seen by comparing the same, as arranged in the present collections of church music with the original. It is a popular musical historical error, that Luther was the composer of this chorale.—*Musical World.*

Ven you are a married man, Samivel, you'll understand a good many more things as you dont understand now; but vether it's worth while going through so much to learn so little as the charity boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o'taste. I rather think it isn't

Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

The vale of humility is the mountain of God, where men may commune with angels. But the mountain of pride is the valley of Hinnom, 'where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.'

The willing *servant* of all becomes *master* of all. But the would-be master of all becomes the *slave of slaves.*

He who throws *self* away comes to *himself,* and enjoys all things. But who holds self fast puts out his own eyes, and cast himself into outer darkness, 'where shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.'

All men can see and despise selfishness in others, because they are so selfish themselves; hence they murmur without mending the matter.

'The *worst* hearts soonest suspect the worst in others; but the best *hope* for the best, even against hope. Hence it frequently happens that the heart unconsciously begets what it instinctively anticipates in others, whether *evil or others.*

The best *fault-finders* are often the dullest *menders* of their own faults. Is it thy misfortune to be a grambler, look in the glass when the fit comes on, and laugh thyself into a sweeter countenance.

Rebuke sin; rebuke it *faithfully* yet *humble*—'considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.' Be sure and oppose wickedness; but do it like *Jesus*, not like *Jehu.*

Mankind crucify their Saviors, and defy their destroyer. Still their Saviors bless them, and their destroyers curse them. Who are the world's heroes but the world's greatest murders? Yet if we speak this truth we do it at our peril. It will not always be so.

They who 'put the sword into its place,' and denounce *injury* a means of self defence, are at once the obedient disciples of Christ, and the sublimest philosophers. They shall dwell in safety, and experience the abundance of peace. But 'they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.'

LOVE OF GAIN.—The Americans are proverbially found of gain—and many anecdotes are told of the unscrupulous avidity with which they pursue any path which leads to riches.—But it is a well established fact, that unprincipled beings may be found of all nations, who will be induced by the *hope of gain* to pursue with glee the most disgusting employment—employments, which are revolting and disgraceful to human nature. And how many thousands, nay, *millions* of human beings, not only gain their very subsistence from, but fatten on the miseries of others.

During the great Plague which raged in Bassorah in the year 1773, when three hundred and seventy-five thousand perished, during the summer seasons, through the violence of the distemper, an English gentleman who resided at Bassorah at that time, preserved himself from infection by retiring with his goods and merchandize to a mud house, where he carefully avoided any direct communication with the inhabitants. But not wishing to remain idle during the reign of pestilence, and having a large quantity of Bengal cotton, he sold it to the people to wrap the dead in.—The price he demanded, and it was proportioned to the distress of the miserable inhabitants, was put into a basket which was hauled up by a rope to his ware-room from which, after undergoing a certain disinfecting process, it was transferred to his vaults; and the basket was again lowered with the proportionate quantity of cloth. In the course of the summer he accumulated a handsome fortune by disposing in this manner of *seventy thousand winding sheets.*

HORRIBLE AGRARIANISM.—In the British House of Commons, during a debate on the recent events in New Zealand, Mr. C. Buller a member of the present Conservative Ministry, avowed the following attrociously Agrarian sentiments:

"It is preposterous to expect that the existence of such a population on portions of the soil of a vast country, ought to exclude the rest of mankind from turning the unoccupied soil to account—God gave the earth to man, to use—not to particular races, to prevent all other men from using. [Hear.] He planted the principle of increase in us; he limited our existence to no particular soil or climate; but gave us the power of ranging over the wide earth. I apply to the savage no principle which I should not apply to the most civilized people of the world. If by any unimaginable calamity the population of France, for instance were reduced from the 35,000,000, which it now maintains, to 200,000, which is about the proportion of the population of New Zealand, and if these 200,000 were almost limited to Britany and Normandy, and cultivated as the New Zealanders do, no more than one acre in a thousand, do you think we should allow this handful of men to devote that fine country to perpetual embarasment?" [Cheers.]

Where sleep the thunders of the Express?—*N. Y Tribune.*

The President's Mansion, in Washington, is furnished with carpeting from the Thompsonville Company at Enfield in this State.—*Cataract.*

By what company, is the carpeting manufactured which furnishes the *Mansions* of many who support him?

How to Treat a Wife.

It is not ever husband who knows how to treat a wife. The following admirable lesson on the subject should be carefully read and treasured in the memory of every husband, and of every one who contemplates assuming that relation. If rightly improved, it may serve to avert many of the troubles of life—change the clouds to sunshine, and render its whole course smooth and placid. We know not the origin of the article; but that it is a good one, an excellent one; we are quite sure.

First, get a wife. Secondly, be patient.—You may have great trials and perplexities in your business with the world; but do not, therefore, carry to your home a clouded or contracted brow. Your wife may have had trials, which, though of less magnitude, may have been as hard to bear. Do not increase her difficulties. A kind, conciliating word, a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom. You encounter your difficulties in the open air, fanned by heaven's cool breezes; but your wife is often shut in from these healthful influences, and her health fails, and her spirits lose their elasticity. But, oh! bear with her; she has trials and sorrows to which you are a stranger, but which your tenderness can deprive of all her anguish. Notice kindly her little attentions and efforts to promote your comfort. Do not take them all as a matter of course, and pass them by, at the same time being very sure to observe any omission of what you may consider her duty to you. Do not treat her with indifference, if you would not sear and palsy her heart, which, watered by kindness, would to the latest day of your existence, throb with sincere and constant affection.

Sometimes yield your wishes to her. She has preferences as strong as you, and it may be just as trying to her to yield her choice as to you. Do you find it hard to yield sometimes? Think you not it is difficult for her to give up always?

MEMOIR OF DR. GALL.

FRANCOIS JOSEPH GALL, the founder of Phrenology, was born in Suabia, the 9th of March, 1757. His father was a merchant by profession, and a man of considerable distinction and character for his circumstances. His parents being professors of the Roman Catholic religion had intended him for the service of that church; but his natural dispositions were averse to such a course, and having become early interested in medical studies, he preferred to engage in the profession of the healing art. His youth was spent in acquiring a knowledge of the elementary branches of science and literature. He was passionately fond of the studies of nature, and frequently resorted to the country and the forests to make observations on butterflies, insects, birds and other tribes of the animal kingdom. Gall had observed that those scholars with whom he found the greatest dificulty in compeling in verbal memory, were distinguished for large prominent eyes. He made very extensive observations on this point, and was finally led to suspect that there must be some nescessary connection between memory for *words* and the *size* and *projection* of the *eye.* Afterwards, while engaged in medical studies, he found that, though the structure and functions of every other organ of the human body were understood by anatomists and physiologists, those of the brain were enveloped in the greatest mystery. He found on examination, also, that the notions of philosophers respecting the faculties or powers of the mind were of the most vague, indefinite, and unsatisfactory nature. After the most extensive observation and research, Gall was led to believe that the brain was the organ of the mind, and, moreover, that it was composed of a congeries of organs, and that the mind consisted of a corresponding number of faculties.

It was in the year 1796 that Dr. Gall first commenced giving public lectures on his new discoveries respecting the functions of the brain. He then had extensive practice as a physician at Vienna—ranked high as a man of science—associated with the first men of the place and nation, and was connected with several public institutions. His lectures were continued six or eight years in Vienna, and were attended by audiences the most respectable. Considerable interest was now created on that subject. It was represented to the Emperor that Gall's views were injurious to good morals! and dangerous to religion. This misrepresentation and opposition arose chiefly from the overwhelming influence of an ignorant bigotted, and corrupt clergy. An edict was issued by the Austrian government, prohibiting all private lectures unless a special permission was obtained from the public authorities; and, accordingly, Dr. Gall, finding that all prospect of communicating and defending publicly his discoveries was cut off, determined to seek a country whose government was more liberal and tolerant. On the 6th of March, 1805, Dr. Gall left Vienna, accompanied by Dr. Spurzheim, who had now been with him nearly five years. They repeated their lectures and anatomical demonstrations, in the course of their tour, in more than thirty towns of Germany, Prussia, Holland, &c.—They arrived at Paris in Nov., 1807.

Dr. Gall was now in the fiftieth year of his age, and from this time to his death, made Paris his permanent residence. He still continued to prosecute his discoveries with great ardour, industry, and success. Dr. Elliotson, formerly professor in the London university, while on a visit to Paris, writes to a friend in England as follows:—"I have seen Dr. Gall—seen much of him, and had frequent conversations with him. He lectures in Paris, to a class of above one hundred, at the Athenea Royale. Dr. Gall ranks very high; is physician to the Ambassador; has great practice; is considered a *savant,* and bears himself and lives handsomely like a gentleman. Gall's head is magnificent; and his countenance, dress, and manners, with the depth, continuous, liberality and simplicity of his remarks, show you that you are in company with a profound philosopher and a kind-hearted friend. He is perfectly free from all affectation of quackery; pursues truth only, regardless of all consequences; and has sought it at an immense expense, and free from all interested motives. He knows the importance and reality of his discoveries, and, though perfectly modest and simple, forms the just estimate of himself that posterity will form, and feels secure of immortality.

The person of Dr. Gall was well proportioned; in stature, he was about five feet ten inches, with a large chest and strong muscles; his step was firm, and his look vivid and penetrating. His features, though not handsome, possessed a mild and pleasing expression. He acquired a distinguished reputation as a physician, as well as a writer and philosopher; and he realized from his profession a handsome fortune. At the close of one of his lectures, in the spring of 1828, Dr. Gall was seized with a paralytic attack, from which he never perfectly recovered, and which ultimately carried him off, the 22d of August, 1828, in the seventy second year of his age.—His remains were followed to the grave by an immense concourse of friends and admirers, five of whom pronounced discourses over his grave, as is the custom in France on such occasions. Dr. Fossati, in his funeral discourse, has the following paragraph:—"What an irreparable blank do I perceive in the scientific world by the death of one man! A blank which will long be felt by all the friends of science and sound philosophy. But what a man have we lost! What a genius was his! What a happy organization nature had given him! Yes! Dr. Gall was one of those priviledeged individuals whom the Creator sends on the earth at the interval of ages to teach us how far human intelligence can reach."

The exertions of Dr. Gall, in collecting skulls and phrenological specimens at Vienna, created *no small* sensation among all classes of people. It is said that at one time the excitement was so great that every person in Vienna trembled for his head, and feared lest one day it should become the property of the greedy doctors.—Among other annecdotes on this subject, the following is related. "M. Dennis, librarian to the Emperor, inserted a clause in his will, for the express purpose of securing his head from the researches of Dr. Gall."

LEVERETT & CO.
AT THE FITCHBURG CLOTH & CLOTHING STORE,
No. 13, Cheap Side,

HAVE now on hand, the *Largest Assortment* of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND SATTINETS, by one half, ever offered in this Vicinity. We have recently made large additions to our Stock, and now offer it at a very small advance from cost. Our assortment of HEAVY WOOLLENS especially, is full and complete; and those *who purchase by the yard,* as well as those who wish to have them made up into Garments in the latest and most *approved* style, will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

Constantly on hand a large and complete assortment of every style of GARMENTS known, Manufactured by us, especially for our *own trade,* and better made and trimed, and cut with more taste, than is usually found in *Clothing Stores,* and now offered to all who wish to get a *First Rate Garment,* for a small sum of money.

Furnishing Goods in Great Variety.

OUR CUSTOM DEPARTMENT, will need no comment. We pledge ourselves to furnish as good Fits—Work and Trimmings, as can be produced in this country. We have first rate workmen in our employ, and every facility for getting up a first rate Garment. To our old Friends, we shall always be at home and ready to fit them out in our usual *Good Style and Low Prices.* Those who have not favored us with their patronage, are invited to call and examine our stock, as we are confident they can make a saving of a handsome per centage, by so doing.

Fitchburg, August 14, 1845. n12tf.

BOSTON
THURSDAY MESSENGER.
A Weekly Newspaper
OF MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE AND USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING
FAMILY READING.

The following inducements will, we trust be considered sufficiently strong to place the "MESSENGER" in the hands of at least one family in every village and hamlet in New England, and for that reason, we have fixed the terms of subscription so low that any one who wishes can readily obtain it.

TERMS,
(Invariably in Advance.)

Single copy,—one year,	$2,00
" " six months,	1,00
Three copies of the Thursday Messenger one year, or one copy three years, sent to one address,	5,00
Seven copies of the Thursday Messenger one year, sent to one address,	10,00
Twelve copies " " " "	15,00
Seventeen " " " " "	20,00

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials, and are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct.—They should always give names and time paid for.

No letters taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid; and no attention given to orders unless accompanied by the money. Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription.

Removals must always state the Post Office removed from as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed.

The terms of the "Messenger" are invariably in advance, no paper being continued beyond the period paid for.

By a provision of the new law, which took effect in July, all persons residing within thirty miles of the place of publication, can receive the Messenger by mail, free of postage.

Papers copying this, or giving its substance in editorial form, will receive a free exchange by sending us a paper containing it.

Postmasters acting as our agents and furthering the circulation of the "Messenger" will receive a fair per centage on subscriptions, and a copy of the paper.

CLAPP & Co.
No. 5, Water st., Boston.

PURIFY THE BLOOD.
MOFFAT'S
VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS
AND
PHŒNIX BITTERS.

The high and envied celebrity which these pre-eminent Medicines have acquired for their invariable efficacy in all the diseases which they profess to cure, has rendered the usual practice of puffing not only unnecessary, but unworthy of them. They are known by their fruits; their good works testify for them, and they thrive not by the faith of the credulous.

IN ALL CASES

Of ASTHMA, ACUTE and CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, AFFECTIONS of the BLADDER and KIDNEYS.
BILIOUS FEVERS & LIVER COMPLAINTS.—
In the south and west, where these diseases prevail, they will be found invaluable. Planters, farmers, and others, who once use these Medicines, will never afterwards be without them.
BILIOUS CHOLIC, and SEROUS Looseness, BILES, COSTIVENESS, COLDS & COUGHS, *CHOLIC,* CONSUMPTION. Used with great success in this disease.
CORRUPT HUMORS, DROPSIES,
DYSPEPSIA. No person with this distressing disease, should delay using these medicines immediately.
ERUPTIONS of the Skin, ERYSIPELAS, FLATULENCY,
FEVER and AGUE. For this scourge of the western country these medicines will be found a safe, speedy, and certain remedy. Other medicines leave the system subject to a return of the disease—a cure by these medicines is permanent.—TRY THEM, BE SATISFIED, AND BE CURED.
FOULNESS of COMPLEXION,
GENERAL DEBILITY,
GOUT, GIDDINESS, GRAVEL, HEADACHES, of every kind, INWARD FEVER, INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM, IMPURE BLOOD, JAUNDICE, LOSS of APPETITE,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
LEPROSY, LOOSENESS,
MERCURIAL DISEASES.—
Never fails to eradicate entirely all the effects of Mercury infinitely sooner than the most powerful preparation of Sarsaparilla.
NIGHT SWEATS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, NERVOUS COMPLAINTS of all kinds, ORGANIC AFFECTIONS, PALPITATION of the HEART, PAINTER'S CHOLIC,
PILES. The original proprietor of these medicines was cured of Piles of 35 years standing by the use of these Life Medicines alone.
PAINS in the head, side, back, limbs, joints and organs.
RHEUMATISM. Those afflicted with this terrible disease, will be sure of relief by the Life Medicines.
RUSH of BLOOD to the HEAD, *SCURVY, SALTRHEUM, SWELLINGS,*
SCROFULA, or KING'S EVIL, in its worst forms, *ULCERS, of every description*
WORMS, of all kinds, are effectually expelled by these Medicines. Parents will do well to administer them whenever their existence is suspected. Relief will be certain.

THE LIFE PILLS AND PHŒNIX BITTERS
PURIFY THE BLOOD,
And thus remove all disease from the system.

A single trial will place the LIFE PILLS and PHŒNIX BITTERS beyond the reach of competition in the estimation of every patient.

The genuine of these medicines are now put up in white wrappers and labels, together with a pamphlet, called "Moffat's Good Samaritan," containing the directions, &c. on which is a drawing of Broadway from Wall street to our Office, by which strangers visiting the city can very easily find us. The wrappers and Samaritans are copyrighted, therefore those who procure them with white wrappers can be assured that they are genuine. Be careful, and do not buy those with *yellow* wrappers; but if you do, be satisfied that they come direct from us, or dont touch them.

☞ Prepared and sold by
DR. WILLIAM B. MOFFAT,
335 Broadway, corner of Anthony street, New York.
For Sale by
S. & C. SHEPLEY, Booksellers, Fitchburg, Mass.

FOR 1845.
PROSPECTUS FOR VOL. VII.
OF THE
American Phrenological Journal.

TO reform and perfect man—to bring out by culture the original beauties and capabilities of his nature, are objects the most exalted that can possible engross humanity. But, to do this either effectually or correctly, that nature must be known, and as Phrenology is the science of human nature, and especially of man's intellectual and moral constitution, it evolves all the elementary principles of his nature—thereby embodying all the laws of his being, all the conditions of happiness, and all the causes of all his sufferings, as well as of all the evils that afflict society; and all this so plain that "he that runs may read," and so beautiful as to excite our highest admiration. It also furnishes the only true test and touch-stone by which to try every doctrine and practice of the age, and indeed, of all past and all coming—every theory of society, every question of ethics, of morals, of logic, of equity, and even of religious creeds and practices; for, by devolving fully and clearly the primitive nature and constitution of man, and that in all its ramifications, it arranges, before the tribunal of that nature, every thing appertaining to man; approving whatever conflicts therewith.

The accompanying numbers of this periodical, as well as its three last volumes, will serve as samples of its future course, excepting that the following important departments will be added.

1st that of Physiology. Though, for several years, the Journal has contained more or less physiological fact and information, yet its space has been too much occupied otherwise to give that full attention to the exposition and enforcing of the laws of animal life, including the value of health and the means of regaining and preserving it, which their importance demands. To know and obey these laws, lies at the basis of all human improvement and happiness; for, be it remembered, that life and health depend thereon, and on them depend all our pleasures, whether mental or physical. Even intellectual attainments and moral progression must be accompanied by physiological, especially cerable, improvement. The connection of Physology with mentality—the different states of body as inducing their corresponding states of mind—have been almost completely overlooked, even by Phrenologists themselves.

Our talents, our virtues, our vices, our mental and moral progression, depend more upon what, how and when, we eat, drink, sleep, labor, bathe, &c.—upon our physical habits and physiological condition—than most people suppose. The plain fact is, few people know how to eat! or sleep! or breathe! or live! If they did sickness would be unknown, and sin comparatively banished from our world. Those physiological conditions, therefore, which affect mind and morals, will be freely discussed in this volume.

2d. That of Animal Magnetism, or the vital principle. So indissolubly is this science connected with both Phrenology and Physiology, that neither should ever be pursued without the other. At least every student of the latter sciences who prosecutes his investigations unguided by the light of this new star of human science, but gropes his way in comparative darkness. Surprisingly beautiful and philosophical, as well as rich in lessons of health and happiness, are the discoveries effected by applying magnetism to phrenological and physiological investigations. And surely, as a remedial agent, its application exceeds, and will eventually supersede, all others. Aware of no work or periodical which covers this most interesting, most important field of human inquiry, the Editor intends to occupy it, at least, partially, in this volume.

3d. A department devoted to woman. To improve her, is to benefit the human race, whilst her degeneracy deteriates it. Female education—nearly every thing pertaining to her—is now effecting her ruin as fast as the rapid flight of time will allow. Long enough has her vanity been inflated with the gaudy, the artificial, and the fashionable. Too long already, have her exquisite sensibilities been perverted, and the beauties and graces of her nature been converted either into play-things—mere toys for man to sport with—or else prostituted at the shrine of the worst of human passions. Infinitely more perfect, more prolific than any human thing ever yet beheld by mortals, are the natural charms and beauties of the female character. But, they have yet to be brought out. To do this effectually, her nature and capabilities must be known. These, her Phrenology and Physiology will reveal; in doing which they will also disclose her true sphere, and her consequent duties. To this eventful subject—and none can be more prolific of good to man—will a portion of this volume be dedicated. Nor will mothers, in their distinctive relations as mothers, be neglected.

Those at all acquainted with the Editor's style of writing or lecturing, will readily comprehend his manner of treating these and other subjects that come appropriately within the wide range of phrenological, physiological and magnetic science. Our field is indeed the world. Not only is it already ripe for the harvest, but it is becoming corrupted and all overgrown with the tares of uncleanness and the thistle of sin. To receive the good into vessels, will be the object of every successive number of this work. Those, therefore, who drop tears of sorrow over fallen humanity, or who would lend a helping hand to its restoration, may perhaps do good as effectually by circulating this work as in any other way; for its pages will embody both the seeds and the crop of all reform.—Human improvement and happiness are designed to be inscribed on its page, its every line.

Nor, in this long line of subjects, will the practical department of phrenological science—its principles, its facts, its philosophy, or information requisite for furthering the progress of amateurs, be neglected.

And since nothing—neither the acquisition of any species of knowledge, nor the possession of any form or degree of wealth, or honor, or any possession whatever—can as effectually benefit, or as deeply interest, every member of the human family, as will that knowledge of our nature imparted by Phrenology, which renders it the science for "the million;" and since it is proper and desirable that a monthly Journal, devoted to this science, should be accessible to all—to the poor as well as to the rich, to the illiterate, as well as to the scientific—this Journal will be furnished on the following extremely low

TERMS.

It will be issued in monthly numbers of 32 pages each, at $1 for a single copy; or three copies for $2; for nine copies for $5; or 20 copies for $10.

Address subscriptions to O. S. FOWLER, Editor and Proprietor, 131 Nassau st., New York.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE. The subscribers have formed a Copartnership under the firm of HAYWARD & BACON; and have taken the store recently occupied by the late firm of HAYWARD & BROOKS, where they intend to keep a large assortment of fashionable BOOTS & SHOES, of every description which will be sold low for cash—wholesale and retail, No. 4, Merchants Row.

HORACE HAYWARD,
RANSELLEAR BACON.